

A POEM upon Their MAJESTIES
Speeches to the Nonconformist Mini-
sters.

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O Ur Churches Ark o're Troubled Waters rode,
Like that blest Ship whose burden was a God;
In vain we judg'd the *Card* or *Sailers* Cares,
Our *Peters* Faith, or our *Apostles* Prayers:
But when our Mighty *Saviours* came on board,
The Stormy Winds and Waves no longer roar'd;
At whose Approach the gloomy Shadows brake,
And of the Light all Humane kind partake:
No home-bred Jars or Pious Frenzy burns,
But wild Confusion into Order turns:
We bless our Ears and Eyes, and all Admire,
Queen *Mary's* Voice tun'd by King *David's* Lyre;
The Glorious Pair in equal Sounds agree,
And Subjects Joys compleat the Harmony.
Let *Levi's* Tribe to *Ergo's* Bid adieu,
Or still their Metaphysick Toils pursue,
Thro' Senseless *Labyrinths* the People draw,
Confound the Gospel, and perplex the Law.
Our Royal Pair a safer passage lead,
And in the paths of Truth and Love do tread.
Hail Mighty Two! our common Votes approve;
You are the God of War and Queen of Love.
As the Sun's Beams replenisheth the Earth,
Purges the Flood, and gives to Seasons birth;
So your bright Ray diffus'd within our Sphere,
Gives Vital Warmth to every Creature there:
Our Heats you cool, and moderate their Force,
And of our Passions stop th' unruly course;
By great Examples, you our Love provoke,
And reconcile the *Cassock* to the *Cloak*:
Beneath your Shadow we in safety sit,
And all our former Toils and Scars forget.
By you the Tyrant Monsters are undone,
And all the Force of *Hell* and *Rome* o'rethrown;
Religious Freedom all our Saints enjoy,
No more shall frantick Zeal the Church annoy,
Nor shall it dread a fatal Shipwrack more,
In Stormy *Adria* or *Melita's* shore;
When charm'd to Sense, the giddy Priesthood yield,
And all destructive Errors quit the Field.
What tho' we did by *Sion's* Waters mourn?
The Golden Age and Golden days return.
The Pristine Ages now we imitate,
We imp their Grandeur, and we wish their Fate.
VWhen God appointed *Kings* with his own Voice,
And joyful people blest him for the Choice;
Then Kingly Vertues set the Monarch forth,
And not Succession Crown'd him, but his worth.
Such is thy Fate, blest *Isle*! and may'st thou be
A Blessing to thy Prince as He's to thee!
May he thy Altars build, and Temples rear,
And late a Crown of Glory may he wear.

By John Tutchin